inferred that he was searching for his father, whom I had met in the library once, and so he was assured that his father was stopping somewhere near and that he need not be anxious on his account.

To speak the truth, I really believed at that time, that King George himself had come to our asylum and was stopping somewhere within the Superintendent's bungallow. The uncertainties of a world war so covered the fallacies in my arguments regarding the possibility of such personages appearing in a lunatic asylum, that 1 actually believed they had done so. Our Prince next suggested that some one was pulUBg him by his hind-locks. "You see, the inoqn is pulling me," he said, pointing to the back of his. head. It really seemed possible to us that some invisible force was attracting some of the hair on the back of his head. We, however, did not quite understand what was ipeant by those invisible agencies nor did we care. TiT^e party of visitors left after that, and our file dispersed.

Some time aft$r thia incident, I

had a pecipBa? experience. It was a moon-lit night; all nature waa flooded with the silver rays from